### THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

L. Write philip on one side of the sper only, and number the peace.

I les sen and ink not pennil.

Bhest and pointed articles will a given practices. Do not use over

Whatsver you are—Be that!
Whatsver you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be busest—in fact,
Be nobody also but you." POETRY. March and April.

March is like a little lass, Boisterous—unruly— Without manners, and alas! Without training, truly; Rude, tempestuous and cross, She is not admired; When she gives her head a toss, It just makes you tired.

But she has—can you not see?—
Something nice about her;
And you do not feel quite free—
In a way—to flout her;
Tho' she is a perfect fright
With that frown alarming,
When she smiles—her face alight— She is simply charming.

April smiles-a charming smile-Aggravating elf! he is trying for a while, To behave herself: Tears are, oh! so swift to flow With this little lass; Smiles are, oh! so quick to go, With her, too, alas!

You cannot depend on her-Her most trying fault-You must to her mood defer When she calls a halt; Frisk and play you cannot, true, With wet skies above her, ut she's sweet, and pretty, too, And I know you love her

#### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Uncle Jed is aware that there is great difference in Wide Awakes. Do you know Uncle Jed has distributed the business office of The Bulletin for The Bulletin in the past five years two the ways and he has never the business office of The Bulletin for them at any hour after 10 a. m., Thursday. two thousand books, and he has never lost but twe in the mails, and had only LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT six uncalled for.

And in the past five years it has been his good fortune to receive about seven thousand letters! Of these several hundred have not been printed, and yet, he has never had a dozen complaints; and only one real sassy letter and that came from a little disand she thought it was because she had not written a letter of acknowledgment. She did not know that scores of book winners fail to acknowledge and that Uncle Jed doesn't know who has had all of these books, and he at times has so many letters on hand that he doesn't know who the writer's were or who is disappointed, or who were or who is disappointed, or who is d the receipt of prize books every year,

Uncle Jed cannot help remembering won a whole shelf of books. He does not know who has won the largest esting. I number of books, but he thinks the letter soon Brehaut Sisters must have won Edith Purvis of Norwich: You don't

his pockets, swinging his feet discon-

solutely and wearing a woe-begone

expression upon his plump and usual-

presents and everything and there isn't a single thing that I can do, as I know of," and Robbie heaved a sigh that seemed to come clear from his

shoes, it was so deep.
"Well, well!" Auntie May exclaimed, "it is a hard case surely. We must see what can be done about it. Let

"O Auntie May, will you?" cried Robbie, cagerly, jumping down from the sofa and running to her side.

You Should Use Nothing But

Child's Bath

After Your

enough to be called a library, and they have written a great many good letters which were left out simply because The Bulletin did not have room for them. These sisters set the Wide-Awakes a good example by preparing nearly perfect copy and never complaining. They have often written Unole Jed four and six letters a week. Stories fit to print go to the waste

basket when they are written on worn out subjects or copied from books or papers or written by older people. Uncle Jed has twenty letters a year upon George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and other public men. You are more likely to win a book with a Well-written story about a hollyhock in the back yard than you be for a story about Thomas Edison and his

book is to keep trying.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Edward G. Moran, of Norwich: Comrades of the Saddle.

3-John B. Purcell of Colchester: The Circus Boys on the Mississippi.

5-Josephine Bovorika of West Wil-

Springs: To Houseboat, The Bobbsey Twins on a

Dorothy King of Plainfield: I re-ceived the prize books awarded to me cold. The snow is deep, but the sum-

I thank you very much for the lovely than they can c much to export. was surprised and glad to get it.

I am going to send another

now how pleased I was with the prize bok. It was so interesting that I book. It was so interesting that think I shall try to win another.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Christmas in the Garret. On Christmas Eve in a small, dark com of a crowded tenement house, in slums of New York, three chil-whose clothes were ragged, but the talked about Santa Claus and clean, talked about Santa Claus and gazed wistfully from the window at the swiftly falling snowflakes softening and beautifying every wretched structure in the narrow, squalid alley. The oldest of the children, a tall, slim girl of twelve, lit a small lamp, by whose dim spluttering light, the bareness of the room and the poverty by whose dim spittering light, the bareness of the room and the poverty of its occupants were plainly visible.

After eating a scanty supper the stockings were hung by the stove and the younger children went to bed as happy in their anticipation of Christman presents as if they lived in mas presents as if they lived in a

Later in the evening a poor woman wearily climbed the unending flights of stairs and opened the door of a humble room, where patiently awaiting her mother's return, Eva sat by the fire, every now and then coaxing its dying embers to a feeble glow, in order to keep the water in the kettle warm. When Eva had gone to bed the mother regarding the little stockings

tearfully took from her bundle sev-eral queer-shaped packages, the pur-chasing of which had taken all her hard day's earnings, which would bring untold joy to her little ones. As soon as it was light Christmas morning the children bounded out of bed; each scrambled for his precious stocking and emptied its contents be-side her on the floor. Each found a warm pair of mittens, a toy and some candy while Eva, who was fond of stories, received a book which she

immediately commenced to read. The earth outside was enveloped in first thing they knew it was dark.

Little Sammy set out for home. It
was a long way home, to go by the a white blanket sparkling in the morning sunlight and making Christmas cheer for everyone, rich and poor alike, even the little family in the full of grass and mud and water. The

garret The children played with the toys until called to dinner which, though not abundant, was wholesome and much better than usual. While they ate Eva told the story that she had been reading.

been reading.

In the evening all gathered around the fire while the mother, her face lighted with happiness and peace, retold the old, old story of the shepherds on the Hills of Bethlehem and 7-Mary A. Burrill of Stafford The Star which led them to the cradle WOODS SCHOOL. Stafford Springs.

[This story was written by the pu-pils in grades 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the Woods school, Ashford. No one alone

Dominion of Canada.

The Dominion of Canada, the most important colony of Great Britain, is almost as large as our country, including Alaska, but its population is that they were only frogs; but that he less than twice that of New York city.

So he went all the way by road to of getting caught, so he said:

"Thank you, Mr. Buzz, but if I am to dine with you, I should like to put on my red Sunday coat. My old jacket is not good enough."

This amused the cat. He had never almost as large as our country, in-cluding Alaska, but its population is less than twice that of New York city. It has room and work for many more million people. Canada may be divid-ed into four great regions.

mers are long and warm enough to great farming country.

Seven-tenths of the people are farmers, producing a great deal more food than they can consume, so they have

The largest food exports are wheat and wheat flour.

The western prairies, with their

great attention to grazing and erel. the Wide-Awakes who take great pains, write good stories and have won a whole shelf of books. He does not know who has won the largest pains, who has won the largest pains and the largest pains and the prize thank you very much for the prize book I received. I have not read it yet, but I think it will be very interpretation to grazing and the waited patiently for a fish to bite and suddenly my fish rod was meat markets of England, besides a great deal of fresh and canned meats great deal of fresh and canned meats a product.

The exports of bacon are larger than Il the other meat exports together. Half the milch cows of Canada are

Canada has a larger extent of forest wood pulp. Hundreds of sawmills near Ottawa on Lake Ontario and Quebec make these cities the greatest

About half the world's supply of nickel comes from the Sudbury dis-trict, Ontario. The United States usually buys all of it.

ally buys all of it.

Silver, copper and other metals abound; but, after gold, coal is the largest mineral product. Most of it comes from Nova Scotia, Cape Breton

Only the coarser kinds of cotton and woolen textiles are made. Clothing, furniture, agricultural implements, umber, leather and wood pulp are the leading products. England takes near-ly all the leather, and we share largely

Many railroads connect Canada with

center of commerce, is connected by regular steamship lines with England, Scotland and Ireland. All the gulf of St. Lawrence ports are closed by ice in winter. Montreal's winter trade is done through Halifax, N. S., and Port-

The ports of Vancouver and Victoria are outlets for the Pacific trade

Band of Mercy Club. A few weeks ago Miss Taft of Hartford visited the schools and told the
children about the Band of Mercy
club. Miss Taft is sent by the Humane society. These clubs are made
up of the children of Connecticut.

It costs nothing to belong and the

who chanced to be going by picked up these oranges, without being told, and gave them to the old lady. This is an gave them to the old lady. This is an example of being kind to human be

The school which I attend has a very large and nice school yard.

The school yard is fenced in by the stone walls on three sides, while on the fourth the town road forms the Dotty and the Biddies. Dotty was sitting on the doorstep, her right hand clasped tightly around her dolly, watching the little chicka-dees playing like sunbeams in the sunshine. It was a warm sun, which indi-cated that summer was at its climax. Dotty watched on and on, and kept watch on the little biddies who were We try to keep the yard very clean. We put the paper, pieces of bread and things like that, that litter up a yard,

we have bought a piano by giving a play at our school, and now we intend to club together to get a couple of croquet sets, which will make a fine addition to the school. watch on the little biddles who were scratching away for dear life.

Finally a sigh escaped Dotty and she changed her attitude of sitting by holding her chin in her hand. Her dolly had already been thrown away on the ground beside the doorstep.

How she wished Fred would come and relieve her of the suspense of watching the biddles so that she could go and play in this lovely summer We also intend to have some ham-mocks under the trees, too. Our teach-er told us how to make these ham-

er told us how to make these hammocks:

Get four bran sacks and leaving
them double sew them together very
strongly. Then take two barrel staves
and put one of the staves at each end
of the hammock. Then take a rope and
tile it to the ends of the barrel staves,
so that you can tile it to a tree. Do
the same thing with the other end of
the hammock. Then all that you have
to do next is to tile it between two trees
and get into it.

We girls also belong to the G. F. F.
Junior Bird society.

JOSEPHINE BOROVICKA, Age 13.

West Willington.

West Willington.

We description of the biddies so that she could be weather! It was so tiresome waiting to his coming that she asked herself why shouldn't she go off and play?

Surely, the little baby chicks couldn't wander away and not come back wander away and not come

Meanwhile the little day-old chicka-dees, seeing that they were not watched any more by a tiresome little girl, wandered away, just contrary to Dotty's surmise!

chagrin saw that neither sister nor chicks were in sight. His first thought, of course, was for his little sister, and he went looking for the lost little girl, and after searching for about an hour he found her fast asleep.

He carried her to his house and put her in her little bed, where she slept till quite late in the evening. The biddies could not be found and when the ittle sister awoke she asked how the little chicks were, and when told they couldn't be found she cried and cried.

promising never to disobey again she was told to do anything. FANNIE RYSHPAN, Age 13. Norwich.

The Wise Old Mouse. A wise old mouse went on tiptoe into "Well, said Sammy, "the little one says its only knee deep, and the big ons says I better go around. I think the big one knows best and I will lister to her advice, and so I will go Now I shall have a fine dinner." The mouse saw he was in danger

> en the mouse wearing his red Sunday coat. "Perhaps he will taste better," thought Mr. Buzz,
> "Very well, Mr. Mouse," he said. "Do not be long, for I am hungry. I shall big wait for you here."

One bright sunny day in June my brother Rudolph and I decided to go fishing. We awoke early and started at half past six o'clock. Just as we were going down the hill to the pond Rudolph saw a boat lying on the shore and hurried to see if any oars were in it. There were none, in fact, there was nothing else but rusty cans, crooked poles and some very small fishes.

He asked me to ride across the pond.

Very wen, in an above, he said. Do to the long, for I am hungry. I shall wait for you here."

The mouse lost no time, but hastened into his hole.

The cat waited all day, softly singing to himself and thinking of the good dinner he was going to get, but the wise old mouse did not come back.

Now there is a new saying in catland. It is this: "A mouse in a gray jacket is sweeter than a mouse in a red Sunday coat."

VIOLET BLANCHARD, Age 13. LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Band of Mercy. the water. I was disappointed, but school children. Its aim is to be kind to everything and everybody. Its rules are as fol-My brother and I caught eighteen lows:

Help and kindness to people, Kindness to dumb animals. Kindness to birds.

ago in England, and then in other untries of Europe they started similar clubs.
The Dickie Bird Society, which is One day last summer, after a heavy rain a nest of chimney swallows was the largest in England, has over eight housand people belonging to it.

There are hundreds of thousands of washed down the chimney into the the fireplace.

There are hundreds of thousands of My attention was called to them by children taking up this work in Engthe most obstreperous twitterings, and land. In other countries there are not looking behind the fireboard, I dis- so many. I hope it will be a great

covered three young birds, looking at me open-mouthed, and all clamoring together, filling the room with their freightened sounds.

Success in America.

In Philadelphia the children belong ing to the Band of Mercy Club have meeting rooms and are addressed in the town hall by public speakers.
I wish every Wide-Awake we would And always think of es. The teachers of have fallen a victim to the appetite of take this up. schools have pins to give to children who do some good act.
I've won the pin once for taking furniture out of a burning building near my house.

Giving the pins started Tuesday in my room. All Wide-Awakes should

take interest in this good work.
LEWIS SEARS, Age 10. Norwich.

escaped. The other was much injured, so I wasn't sorry when it died. The other two were so well grown that I suppose they could shift [Bands of Mercy have been formed among the children of America by the Massachusetts Humane Society for more than a quarter of a century and there are hundreds of thousands of children in America who belong to hem.-Uncle Jed.1

The second day of November I had a birthday party. Many of my friends The Life of a Maple Leaf. were invited by mother and I.

Mother decorated the table with
table delicacies. She made a horn of Dear Uncle Jed:-I am a maple eaf. I live in the deep forest on a gig tree. Once I was small and green. When the first warm sun shone in

the spring I began to grow. One beautiful morning I opened my eyes and looked around.

From the top of Mother Maple I could see the blue sky and many other kinds of green leaves. One day the warm summer rain came pouring down, and the wind blew very hard. I was frightened but did not fall down to the ground just then.

When autumn came I turned into a gorgeous red leaf. I saw many uirrels running among the trees and thering nuts. One day in November I fell down to the ground and then

turned brown and soon the soft white snow covered me, GRACE A BURRILL, Age 11. Stafford Springs.

I have a dear little puss, name is Tabby. She looks like a small tiger with black stripes around her.

Tabby is very good to me, because every morning I give her a nice succerful of fresh milk. When I sit down on the chair Tabby comes up to me and jumps on my lap.

One day when I came home from One day when I came home from I looked

I looked

Dear surrounded by a most count water in it now, though it now water in it now, the count water in it now, the count

when snow is on the ground we might put some crumbs out and thus be kind to birds without being told.

The class holds a meeting once a "Jimmy," said she finally, turning to lived, and were put to death by their

old man's mouth.

Dear Uncle Jed: In the hammer lies the wealth of a hation. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry and labor. By it are allike forged the glittering sword of contention and the ploughshare of agriculture, the ponderous engines that almost shake the world, and the tiny needle which

press speaks, nor a bugle peals, not a spade delves, nor a banner floats without having endured the blows of the hammer. The hammer teaches us that great

ends and large results can be ac-complished only by good, hard, vigorous blows; if we would attain use ess and reach the full perfection of what we are capable of we must not shrink back from the hardships, buffetings, and hard knocks of life, but early learn to cultivate the power of patient endur-

EDITH W. HATHAWAY.

The name Lyre Bird is given to three Australian birds on account of the peculiarly shaped tail of the male. The outermost feather on either side curves outward like the sides of an ancient lyre, while the effect is heightened by the fact that the two inner tall-feathers are little more than mere shafts, and the twelve others have very sparse, slender barbs this suggesting the strings of the in-

The Lyre Bird is about the size of a small fowl, has long, strong legs, and short, weak wings. The general

HELEN C. CURRAN, Age 12. Norwich.

My Trip to Portsmouth. Dear Uncle Jed: One day I went with my grandpa and had a ride in an dryčocks. The next day I saw some big ships. I saw some men fix a battleships and I saw the navy yard.

This was a very nice trip. When I reached home I told my parents about The my trip and what I saw. PAUL DRISCOLL, Age 6.

Seems Nice to Hear the Birds Sing. Dear Uncle Jed: I enjoy reading the children's stories every week, and thought I would write to you.

In the winter when the ground was covered with snow and the poor birds could find no food, I used to throw out rumbs to them, and starlings, sparows, and bluejays, came

We should be kind to the birds beuse they are a great help to us. I am going to keep watching for e new ones as they come back. GERTRUDE FONTAINE, Age 8.

Have You the Symptoms. Dear Wide-Awakes: I wonder if ny of you are suffering with grip

The symptoms are impatience to wait for games to commence, and anxiety to know how they will end; awful nightmares after you get asleep, and the yells of "Run! Run for your "Out! Out" sounds in your ears until you give one jump ped, and sometimes land in the mid-Next morning Dr. Umpire is called, who consults with a Doctors Catcher and Pitcher, and decide that you have bad attack of Base Ball grip, and will not recover until cold weather

sets in. EDWARD G. MORAN, Age 13. Norwich.

My Pet Dog Ragsy. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell rou about my pet dog. When I was about five years old my father bought me a dog. It was the cutest little dog I ever saw. Whenver he used to see a carpet or old hoe, he would always chew at it, so called him Ragsy. Sometimes he would run races with

It Relieves. You just rub MUSTEROLE in briskly.

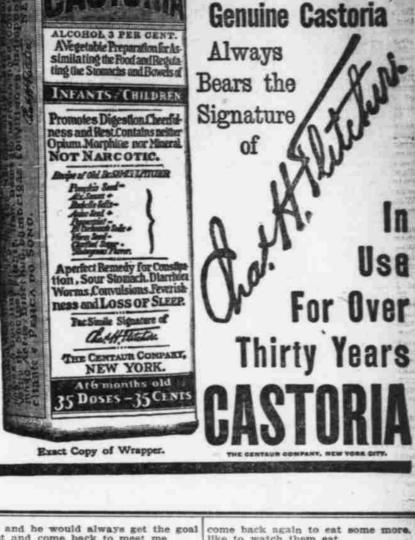
and usually the pain is gone-a deliciou soothing comfort comes to take its place MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Use it nstead of mustard plaster. Will not blister.

Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chilbiains, Frosted Feet, Colds of the the city.

You enter the Tower by the old gateway. The Beefeaters or Yoeman of the guard direct you to the different parts of the buildings. The Tower is not one buildings. The Tower is not one buildings. The Tower is very old, and was used as a prison.

Here Lord Preston was once it is a group of several buildings. The Tower is not one buildings. The Tower is very old, and was used as a prison.

Here Lord Preston was once it is a group of several buildings. The Tower is not one buildings. The Tower is very old, and was used as a prison.



first and come back to meet me.

But one day an awful thing hap-pened: Ragsy ran away and never I cried for him, but it was all in

Now I have a new dogy and he is all white. His name is Snook.

MIRIAN SHERVESSKY, Age 8.

came back.

Spring. Dear Uncle Jed: Spring-time is here and the birds have come from the south. The boys have made houses for the birds, so they can build their

nests in them.
The silver pussy willows are The silver pussy willows are in bloom, and even the little blades of grass are peeping out of the soft, brown earth.

This much may be said in truth:
The navy which Admiral Fiske denounces as deplorably weak would be a great deal stronge: If he should The sky is clear and blue, the air is

soft and bright.

The boys spin tops and play marbles, and the girls play jackstones. The children themselves feel that spring is here. How good spring FLORIDA SAVAGEAU, Age 11.

Versailles.

Down the River.

the children's stories every week, and thought I would write to you.

I go to school every day and like it very much. I am in the fourth grade.

Aren't you glad the warm, spring tipping over, but at last I came to a smooth, open stretch and enjoyed it It was easy to go down the river, but very hard to return home. I had to pull, and puff, and puff. and pull before I reached the place where I started from. Ever after I never went boating

when the river was full of ice. FRANK KOWATS, Age 12. Stacord Springs.

My Little Pets. Dear Uncle Jed: I live on a little arm. I have a baby calf named eggy, a dear little kitten named Fluffy, and Dick, my canary bird. I love to play house, and I have a nice large doll, a small one and a great, large Teddy Bear. MARGARET O. MAHONY, Age 8.

tic for popcorn that I keep on the of child. Continue giving Rickapoo shelf. When I look at them they get Worm Killer until all signs of worms

Norwich Town.

like to watch them eat.

Perhaps some day they will be tame nough to eat out of my hand. BERTHA E. KOWATS, Age &. Stafford Springs.

Not Going to Extremes.

resign.-British Press

For Infants and Children

**Mothers Know That** 

Mr. Ford's run as G. O. P. favorite son in Michigan is too impressive to be classed as another Ford joke. Mr. Ford's dove as well as the Colone's big stick have maney friends but as a whole the country is not given to

One Weakness.

Not Anxious to Collect. The wages of sin is death, but Panno's pay day seems to be have been definitely postponed.—Columbia &S. C.) State.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhat deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and bling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of catarrhal deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars free. All druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Watch Child for Worms Worms sap child's strength, reb child of food and make child fretful, irritated, nervous. Watch stool and at first sign or suspicion of worms give one-half to one lozenge Kickapoo My Squirrels.

Dear Uncle Jed: There are some squirrels that always come in my atproves digestion and seneral health

No orders received on Sundays between 10.30 a.m. and 12

The Shop For Particular People

# Give Our Candies To Children

frightened and run away, but soon are gone. 25c. at your Druggist.

WHY?

We are often asked why our Candies and Chocolates retain their flavour and sweetness until consumed, while other makes have a gummy, flavorless taste.

This objectionable effect is due to excessive use of glucose, which does not improve the candy, but costs less than sugar.

The discriminating public always wants the very best and purest. Compare our candies with other makes and you will buy only those made by

PETERSON, 132 Main St.

## Special for Friday and Saturday

Bitter Sweet Pepperments, Ib. 29c A special assortment of Choco-lates and other specialties, lb. 29c Fresh Bon Bons with elegant Freshly Packed Chocolates, Ib. 40c

Pure Easter Eggs, all colors. Solid Chocolate Eggs, good for children, in different sizes. paste, beautiful for the table.

OUR SPECIAL 40c BOX is the latest idea in candy

# POWDER nurses and mothers have

learned after twenty years experience that its habitual use, after the bath, keeps children's skin free from irrita-

tion and soreness.
It is agreeable to the most delicate skin, and is the only powder that should be used every day on infants and children, as a great deal

delicate skin of a child, while Comfort
Powder is especially made for children.
Sykes' Comfort Powder is not a plain
talcum powder, but a highly medicated
preparation, which if used daily will keep
a child's skin smooth, healthy, free from
odors, chafing, itching and all irritations.

At Drug and Dep't Stores, 25c.

ROBBIE

"Indeed it does," said Auntie May, trying not to laugh, but just then there came a temping sound, followed by a loud cry, from the diningexpression upon his planty
ly jolly face.

"What can be the matter? Only five days till Christmas, too!"

"That's just it, Auntic May," replied Robbie gloomily. "He's everybody flying about and fussing round, setting ready for Christmas, making and there "There," said Robbie, resignedly, "There," said Robbie, resignedly, "baby's fell and bumped himself again. I must go and 'muse him. You be thinking, Auntie May, till I come back" and he ran off, and getting

down on his hands and knees, per-formed a variety of antics, which so diverted the baby that in a minute his cries were changes to crows of de-Mamma now arrived upon the scene "That's a good boy, Robbie," she said, looking much relieved, and giving him

and baby each a hasty kiss, hurried off to her work again. Baby resumed his task of dissecting a wooden sheep, and Robbie went back to Auntie May. But just then Sister Jennie's voice sounded:

"Robbie! O Robbie! Come up here a minute, please, I want you to help me a little."

me a little."

"Well, you keep on thinking, Auntie May," said Robbie, and the fat attle legs trudged cheerfully up-stairs, but scarcely were they down again when there was a step in the front hall, and papa's voice calling: "Hullo, Robbie! Come here and take this package out to the kitchen,

won't you? I'm all snow and want to take care of the horse before I come in."
Robbie rushed off for the package and took it to the kitchen, where he was greeted by Nora with, "Oh, here you are, Robbie; you're the very boy I want. I wish you'd just run around the corner and get me a can of bak-ing powder. I need it right away." So Robbie stuck his head inside the

sitting room door and said: "Tve got to go to the grocery for Nora. "Twon't take but a little while, then we can talk." talk."

Five minutes later he came back, somewhat out of breath, and rosier than ever. "Now, Auntie May," he panted, "have you thought of anything I can do for Christmas?" when, to his astonishment, Auntie May grabbed him and hugged him so tight that it almost took away what breath he had almost took away what breath he had

almost took away what breath he had left.

"Anything you can do!" she cried. It was a regular Christmas present to everybody the year round. Nothing that you could make or buy would be anything compared to your loving, willing helpfulness. Don't worry your dear little head about making Christmas presents. Still, we will see about that, too."

head about making Christmas presents. Still, we will see about that, tour a highly medicated high if used daily will keep mooth, healthy, free from ite May's praise and promise, but before he had time to say anything itehing and all irritations, and Dep't Stores, 25c.

POWDER 00. Boston, Mass.

A little boy picked up a piece of glass from the road, without being told. He was afraid a horse might step on it at night. This is being kind to dumb animals.

When snow is on the ground we might put some crumbs out and thus be kind to birds without being told.

The class holds a meeting once a

wonderful inventions.

With all the differences he sees in Wide-Awakes Uncle Jed is fond of them all, for they are industrious, painstaking and patient, and uniformly well behaved. He always feels sorry he hasn't more books to give them. and that "the tots" do not win more

The way to be sure of winning

2—Frank Kowats of Stafford Springs: The Boys of Bellwood School.

4-Walter Supina of Stafford Springs: Tom Swift and His Aerial Warship.

lington: The Camp Fire Girls Across the Sea, 6-Irma D. Graff of Norwich: Ruth Fielding at Silver Ranch.

8—lvy Fisk of Norwich: Ruth Fielding at Snow Camp.

Clarence A. Hathaway of Bozrah ville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. The Bobbsey Twins in the Country. I have read it half through and find it very inter-

entitled Three Little Women as Wives, I enjoyed reading it as it was very why her stories had not been printed, interesting. I thank you very much ing raised in the east, so Canada is a Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs:

than any other lumber-making country. Pines, hardwoods and spruce make Ontario, Quebec and New Branswick the largest sources of lumber and

"Heigho! how is this!" cried Auntie
May, merrily, as she came into the
my size could do, doesn't it?" and he
stretched his plump little figure up to

Western Ontario and Nova Scotia.

Island, and the islands of the Pacific Coast. Manufacturers have made much progress, though the population is too small as yet for the highest industrial

in wood pulp.

The lakes, 73 miles of canals and the St. Lawrence river make a continuous inland waterway from Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Considerable of our merchandise, in cluding maize, wheat, flour and manu-factures, take this route to Europe

the United States. The Canadian Pa-cific railroad across the continent is the most direct route for the trade of Europe with the Orient.

Montreal, the largest seaport, and

utlets for the Pacific trade.

JOHN B. PURCELL, Age 14.

It costs nothing to belong, and its purpose is to be helpful and kind to people, dumb animals and birds, without being told.

An old lady was going up a steep hill, carrying a large bag of oranges. She dropped them, the bag broke, and they rolled down the hill. A little girl who chanced to be going by picked up

week in the schoolroom after school, and every member of the club tells what he or she has done. The pupil whose act is considered to be the bast in the class is given a large pin to wear for that week.

I hope some of the Wide-Awakes belong to this club, as its purpose is excellent.

Wide-Awake Pupils.

There are a lot of oak trees in

The Frog Fairies.

One day Sammy went to play with

Jack, who lived near by. They played and had a good time until the

When Sammy got to the swamp he looked across it. He could see the lights in his home. He could soon

get home if he went across the swamp,
"I think I will cross the swamp,"

he said. "The mud and water aren't deep." So he began to roll up his trousers so as to wade. Still he

did not feel sure about it.

Just then he heard a little thing down in the swamp say: "Knee deep!

Knee deep!" It kept saying it over and over. Then he heard a big thing

and over. Then he heard a big thing say: "Better go around! Better go around," over and over again.
"Well, said Sammy, "the little one says its only knee deep, and the big ons says I better go around. I think the big one knows best and I will listed to her advice and so I will go

So he went all the way by road to

He asked me to ride across the pond

with him, but as I had never been in a rowboat I refused to go. Then we had

to walk all the way around to the

place where we used to fish for pick-

kept on trying, and after a while had better luck.

perch that day, but the pickerel were

A Flood in the Chimney.

The old bird, by certain signs upon

I brought a basket of wool, and

cotton into which I put the poor little cables. I tried to feed them with

soaked bread, of which, however, they

did not eat with much relish.

I hung the basket out of the win-

dow, and upon looking in, an hour later, found that two of the birds had

My Thirteenth Birthday.

silver paper for my gifts. She also made a birthday cake with 13 candles

After eating a little, the girls began

to sing and dance. We played some jovial games and acted in plays.

Some of the games we played were "Bite the Apple," ducking the head into

a basin of water for an apple. Two

girls acted Romeo and Juliet.

I received many gifts from my friends, among them a ring, a gold-

edged cup and saucer, a flower basket,

silk ribbons and a great many other

My friends said they enjoyed the

My Pussy Cat.

a faint cry, and when I went to the cellar door there she was, thankful to

Hardly a Chance.

During the lessons one afternoon a

get out, and very hungry, too. ELIZABETH SUPINA, Age 12.

Stafford Springs.

party very much.
ANN ARESNICK, Age 13.

HARRY LEVI, Age 12.

the floor of the room, appeared

WALTER SUPINA, Age 14.

oo wise to be caught.

Stafford Springs.

for themselves

Bozrahville.

Bozrahville.

ANNIE EVANS, Age 11.

road went around the swamp.

he said.

big frog.

Mansfield Center.

IRMA D. GRAFF, Age 13. Norwich.

a bright little youngster, "can you tell me what lightning is?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the ready rejoinder of little Jimmy, "Lightning is streaks of electricity."

"That's right," smiled the teacher encouragingly. "Now tell me why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Because," answered Jimmy, quite easily, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more!"

JOHN BURNS, Age 10.

Pitchville.

Dotty and the Biddies.

"The crown jewels are here. To get to them, you go up some winding stone stairs to a small, round room, where the crown jewels are kept when the King and Queen are not using them. The jewels are kept in a large, glass case in the center of the room. There are crowns covered with all kinds of precious stones, and sceptres, and many other valuable relies, all gold and jewels. No one is allowed to stay long here. You are kept moving all the time.

There are several tame ravens

There are several tame ravens there. One is particularly tame and it is lots of fun to feed him. His name is "Blackie." He would fly upon the old Reefeaters hat and look down at

him as if to say: "How do you do!" He would also take sugar from the The Hammer.

unites alike the costly silks sating of a queen and the homespung of a laborer. Not a house is built, not a ship floats, nor an engine thunders, not a

Fred did come and to his surprise and ance.

Bozrahville.

The Lyre Bird. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell u about the Lyre bird.

color is a live brown. It has a strik-ing song, is very shy, and inhabits the dense thickets of New South Wales.

automobile to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where my Uncle Dick lives. He is an officer in the navy. We went by the way of Worcester. When we reached there we saw the A band played every afternoon in the park. We came home by the way of ovidence.

Dear Uncle Jed: Have you heard of The Band of Mercy Club? If you have not I will tell you what a club is and what its aim is. This club is for single the morning to hear the birds single the morning to hear the birds single the morning to hear the birds.

grown-up folks had all winter, I nean baseball grip, that comes about he middle of April.

dle of the floor.

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